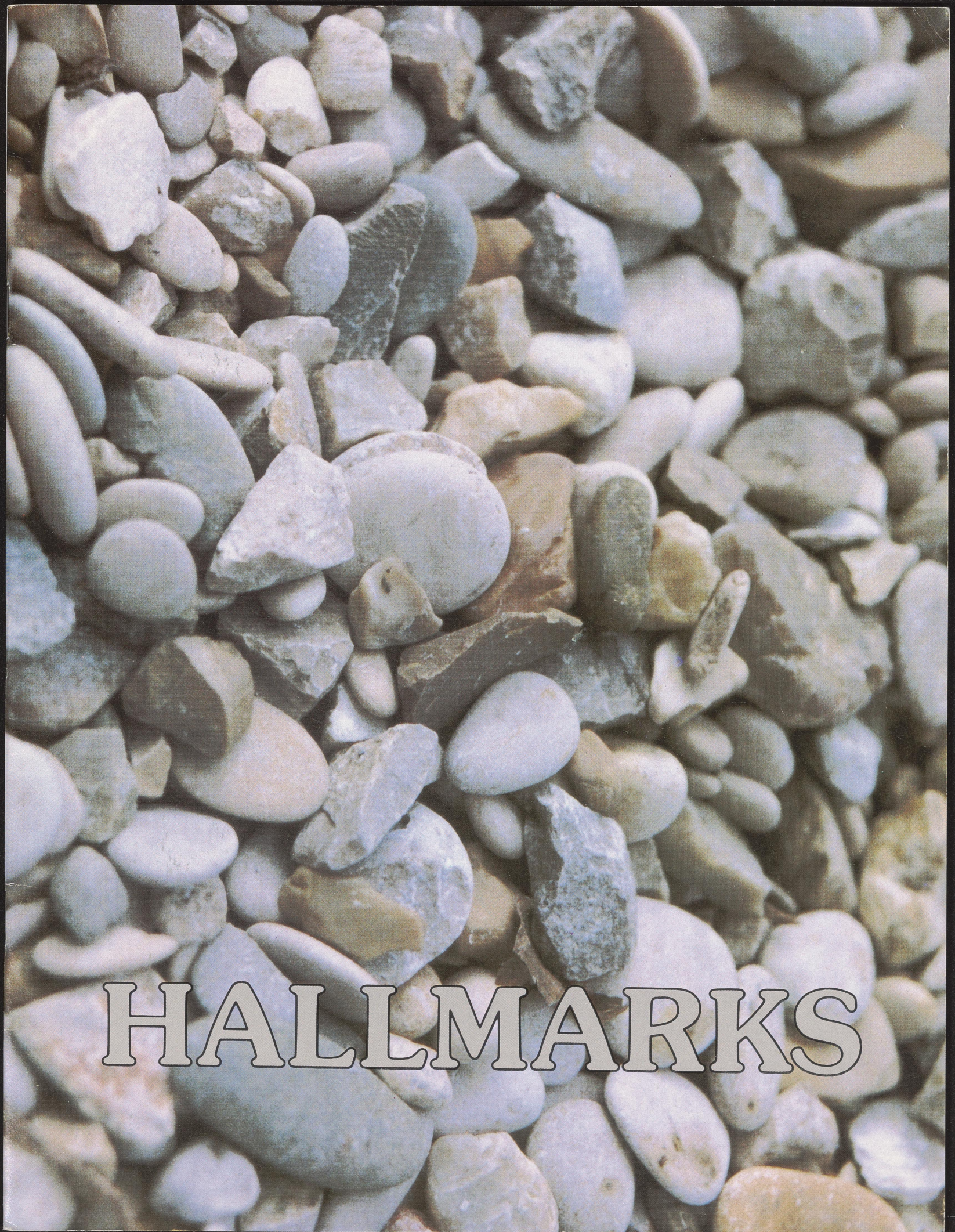

HALLMARKS



DEDICATION

Traditionally, *Hallmarks* is dedicated to a faculty member who reaches beyond duty to encourage the individual and creative expressions of students. Her devotion to the Humanities can be seen in her own life and work. From her basic strength, creativity and change spring naturally. She instills honor and pride in those around her as she strives to realize her own ideals. This year we are proud to present *Hallmarks* to Mrs. Betsy Turnbull.

HALLMARKS
1988



Ann-Kristin Sundell

Editor—Lyn Marie Robinson
Art Editor—Lihbin Shiao
Sponsor—Ms. Derah Myers
President of Penstaff—Mary Lee McInnis
Poet Laureate—Lyn Marie Robinson

PEARLS OF FATHER AND YOU

Lyn Marie Robinson

I want to write like the wind
live like a pearl in a precious atmosphere
demanding no time of the essence of the present
presence

I sell
I sell this body to that ocean,
see
sea how I love thee
from there to there we belong on the sea
see the open pornography
such freedom such sushi joy for me
my happiness in the endless continum of space
Antigone agony

Cleopatra on her barge
was me on my dirge
was me on my dirge in whiting wimping exploration of
the sea below me

and you
whoever you are when you are with me
in my house of white poplars
in their death dog town
to death with them the yahoos
who vanquish all live long joy

and thou art Romeo art thou
thou art not but not for art
or art for not mine
mine possession for mine
art thou the Kingdom of Heaven in my poetry
this is my poetry this is my prose
for host to hose down with a green garden snake

snake amongst us
snake amongst us

I can't stop this infernal being from being in my body
"out, out damn spot"
I vanquish thee from me
thee and thou hast betrayed me
in my very state of being
my very state of Tennessee
Tennessee and me
we go back in time to a place before Tennessee
to a time before me where you were

grieve for me
in my heart is your disease
in my mind
pain is hard for me to bear
bare in the whole wide deep fulfilled world

pain and pity for you and yours
to be mine
mine
can I be mine
can I be mine pearls in a circle of glowing ecstasy
ecstasy could be in my own realm
in my possession

Cleopatra
charmed I'm sure
on her barge
thanks
was me
ever so
on my dirge



Ellen Maguire



Karen Dismukes

Ginger Picard

Inside my world I've created you
the dream will end
reality shall return
I will awaken, in sadness
to find you never existed
But still you remain
another dream?
Life I seek insanity
where I might stay with you
my dream, smiling illusion
with promises of happiness
You drift out of reach
but no
I touch your hand
and look into your eyes,
you are real. I wonder—
am I...



Anna Caudon

JONES STREET
Jennifer Corbett

"Shhh! If my mother hears us, she will kill me!"

"Well come on! You're the one making all the noise!"

I once again weighed all the pros and cons of sneaking out, I once again thought of my favorite saying, "You only live once," and I once again drove off with my best friend Pamila, feeling only a slight twinge of guilt.

As we drove around aimlessly, I discussed my life with Pamila.

"Mom and I had another fight today."

"Oh God, what was it about this time?"

"More crap about how irresponsible I am, about how she can never trust me. It seems like every time we fight we dig deeper into each other's skin."

"Tell her that if you never did anything she didn't want you to do, you would have no social life whatsoever."

"I just want her to understand that I am very responsible, and that she can trust me. You know me, have you ever seen me drink, or smoke, or do anything relatively dangerous?"

Pamila took back the cigarette she was about to offer me, lit it herself, and inhaled deeply, mumbling to herself that she really needed to quit. "Well, kid, I really don't know what to tell you. I'll talk to her if you want me to."

I told her that really wasn't necessary. Her parents let her do just about anything and I often envied her for it.

As we drove along, playing her new tape as loud as it would go, Pamila suddenly slammed on the brakes. We skidded to a screeching halt, practically turning over. Luckily, there were no cars on the street, as it was one a.m. I began to yell at her for possibly killing us both, when I followed her gaze to the side of the road where a young man was emerging from under the hood of a car.

He smiled at us with a friendly smile, and Pamila rolled down her window. "Can we help?"

"Well actually, I'm not real sure what the problem is."

"Where are you going?"

"Uh, Jones Street...5214 Jones Street."

I scanned my mind, trying to remember where Jones Street was.

Pamila offered him a cigarette, but the man refused, saying that you only live once, why not take advantage of it?

This remark made me immediately warm up to the stranger, "What can we do to help?"

"Well, I always carry cables with me. Could you possibly jump-start my car?"

"Sure!" Pamila said with a friendly smile, and started to jump out of the car to help. I happened to look at the man's face then. Something crossed it that didn't seem right. Perhaps his eyes showed a slight glint of greed as Pamila opened the door. I pulled her back in and hissed, "Do you know what time it is?? We have to get the hell out of here and get home!"

She started to protest, but one look at my face and she knew she couldn't change my mind. She turned to the man and said "I'm very sorry, but we were supposed to be home hours ago; here comes another car, I'm sure they can help."

The man looked disappointed, but then smiled, "That's o.k., thanks for stopping!"

The next morning, I was having a leisurely breakfast, and I happened to glance at the front page of the newspaper. The headline read: "Man Posing as Stranded Traveler Rapes Two Young Girls, Murders One."

I felt the tan fading from my face as it got whiter and whiter. I began to tremble, and I dropped the bite of pancakes midway between the plate and my mouth. My whole body was soon shaking. My mom walked into the room then, and I looked at her in a way I'd never looked before. I realized that I was very, very lucky to be alive. "I love you, Mom." The words surprised even me.

Mother looked taken aback, then smiled and replied, "I love you too honey. What's wrong? You look like you've just seen a ghost!"

It crossed my mind that I could *be* a ghost right now, and I got up and slowly walked out of the room.

I got out the city map and looked at the long list of street names. Just as I suspected, there was no such place as Jones Street. I got up and dialed Pamila's number.



Karen Dismukes

Sarah E. Ruccio

Necessity in capturing
Words—
Guarding them
As if to preserve
Their life forever.
However dated, tainted.
The words
May never again
Be formed By the same lips;
But they are written.
Perhaps only to prove
Feeling.
Or feelings to produce
When all other emotion
Is gone.



Lyn Marie Robinson

WARPED IMAGES
Jessica Gutow

From Craig Raine's "A Martian Sends a Postcard Home"

I severed sun is cut and placed under glass
and little suns shine in every room

II lion-footed porcelain spits its nourishment endlessly
purging onto bleak clay
for the discretion of women
and purposely topped with spheres of translucence

III tiny markings on a deep blue
gape when forced to purge
and feeds on thousands of leaves,
digesting with a resounding smack
of metal lips pursing

INSOMNIA'S RECOLLECTIONS

Jennifer Rechter

Closed eyes yielding an open mind
Sleep eludes me merciless and unkind.
Blurred images of the past persist
roaming unchecked and hard to resist.
Indulged moments in a sensuous past
images unchanged, the die long cast.
Reality silently creeps up to remind
and pushes the past fading behind.
The present stomps haughtily through my brain
Laughing and mocking my mind, its domain
Defeating my resistance to push out thought
future fantasies insist, and are sought.
Dreams more succulent than the ripest peach
so close, in my fantasy, within my reach.
Contentment lounging from my head to feet,
security, serenity my subconscious does greet.
Finally I achieve my ultimate goal
peace and sleep for my weary soul.



Jennifer Rechter

McDONALD'S CUP
Susan Stanford

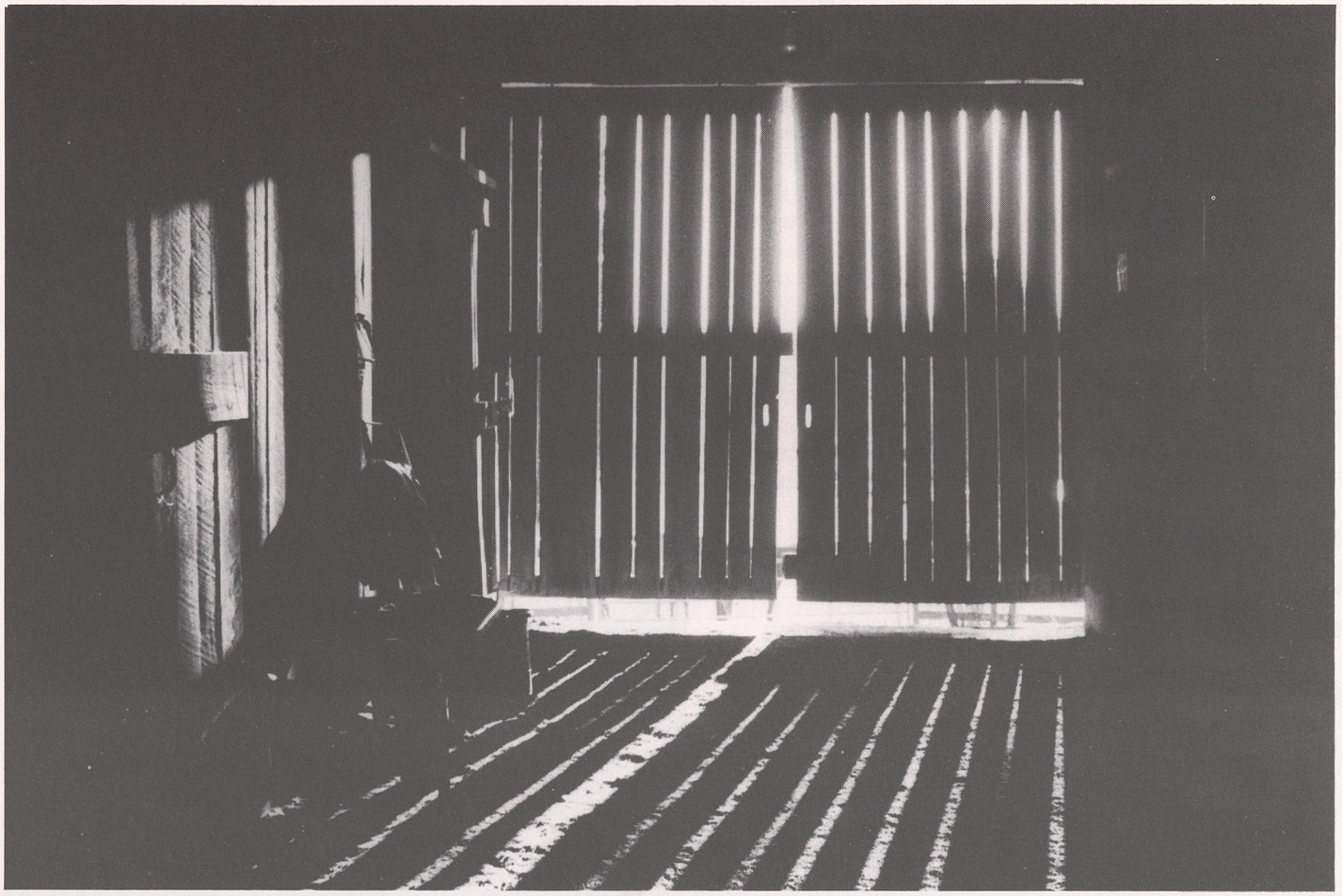
Tossed in the gutter and trampled on
Sticky beads of last week's Coke
still clinging to its lips.
Blue, rusted dumpster
Its contents rifled through by bums
searching for scraps of food and scraps of clothes
The stench of rotten vegetables and moldering trashbags
And that faint, metallic odor of stagnant rainwater.
Battered apartment buildings, looming overhead,
choking the sky
Their original color obscured by graffiti
Broken windows with greasy, brown curtains flapping
in the occasional breeze.
Black, metal fire escapes
scaling the walls,
Interlacing overhead
Black spiderweb agains the sky.
Chicago alley; the other side of town.



Marla Connelly

RONALD McDONALD
Olivia Q. Daane

Who is that man with the bulbous red nose shoving greasy french fries into that poor little girl's face? His orange plastic cotton candy hair is unfit for birds to live in, and who knows, might be dropping into a cheeseburger as we speak. I'd like to ask his P.R. man why they chose such a perverse costume. His billowing riding pants should come equipped with a whip. The catsup red and mustard yellow jail stripes supposedly subconsciously suggest food, but they don't make me hungry when I see them on his uniform with sweat underneath the arms. In fact, his white face with sweat beads popping through the creamy clown paint looks demented as he tilts back and leans cackling as the little girl holds onto his swinging white-gloved hand for dear life. Oops, he stepped on her toe with his swollen-tomato size 14's! But all's made well with the little bribe he hands her mother that says she can purchase a small coke for 25 cents off at any participating McDonald's.



Shelly Herrington

Lihbin Shiao

A vision of faces, on faces, on faces, gaping in horror, yet calm, wildness hidden behind masks, in black over black, women in veiled masks, a virtual herd alone. They greet me silently, gaping laughs echo hollow, racking me within. They mock the suffering of imagined death of my old one.

His wrinkled map of skin slaps me with its bulging blue vessels, scarred burns, spotted skin, bones protruding birdlike, gray black hair sticking upward in spikes. Grandpa always seemed healthy before.

Each day Grandpa climbed to the top of his six-story building/house to the flat roof covered with Eden-like plants, only in the precise cut sharpness of Chinese plants. Left, past the touching plant, water flows into a rockbound pond filled with two-foot goldfish with as many colors as a kaleidoscope. Here I watch a sense of antique oldness drown me, viewing the place I'd come every triple year, a place where not much changes.

Grandpa isn't there now. Imagining, I project across land, mountains, seas, oceans to my haven, a destroyed block. I am frightened. Following manmade pavement and painted lines I arrive in a white plastic, chemically produced box. The room isn't really small, but with all the men in green caps and masks surrounding the body, his body, I feel claustrophobic. A wave of preserving acid assaults.

In a plate near the right elbow of the second tallest man, there lies half of grandpa's skull. It looks white and bumpy and bloody. Tubes sprout out of him like the machines he's hooked to. The men poke around. Blood is being drained into a miniature tank glass. Grandpa's brain looks like the one the doctor showed us in school, but his is moist and whole.

My horrified stare seems to stir him, even like this. I am frightened. It is almost like when grandpa's asleep. Recovery I hear is harder for old people. I feel like a child, terrified as I was then. Grandpa should wake at 12 p.m. the doctors say. 12 passes and the sleepless men plunge in again. Both halves lie in the plate. Another clot to add to the diffused blood and the first clot. Another three hours—it is 3:00 a.m. The horror is of sleepless men playing inside his head, technology behind then as they race ahead.

YIELD
Christi Jane Dickson

Rather be sold out
Rather be taken in

Rather hide than hold, or
Rather wander—
Rather bizarre!

Rather love to learn
Rather listen to bass growl

Rather take chances
Rather stay asleep

Rather kill with kindness—no—
Rather forget to fuss

Rather be apart, but then again,
Rather be unknown...

Rather liberal than conservative—both make me
Rather disgusted

Rather pick you up
Rather put me out

Rather know it, just not see it
Rather reach out————

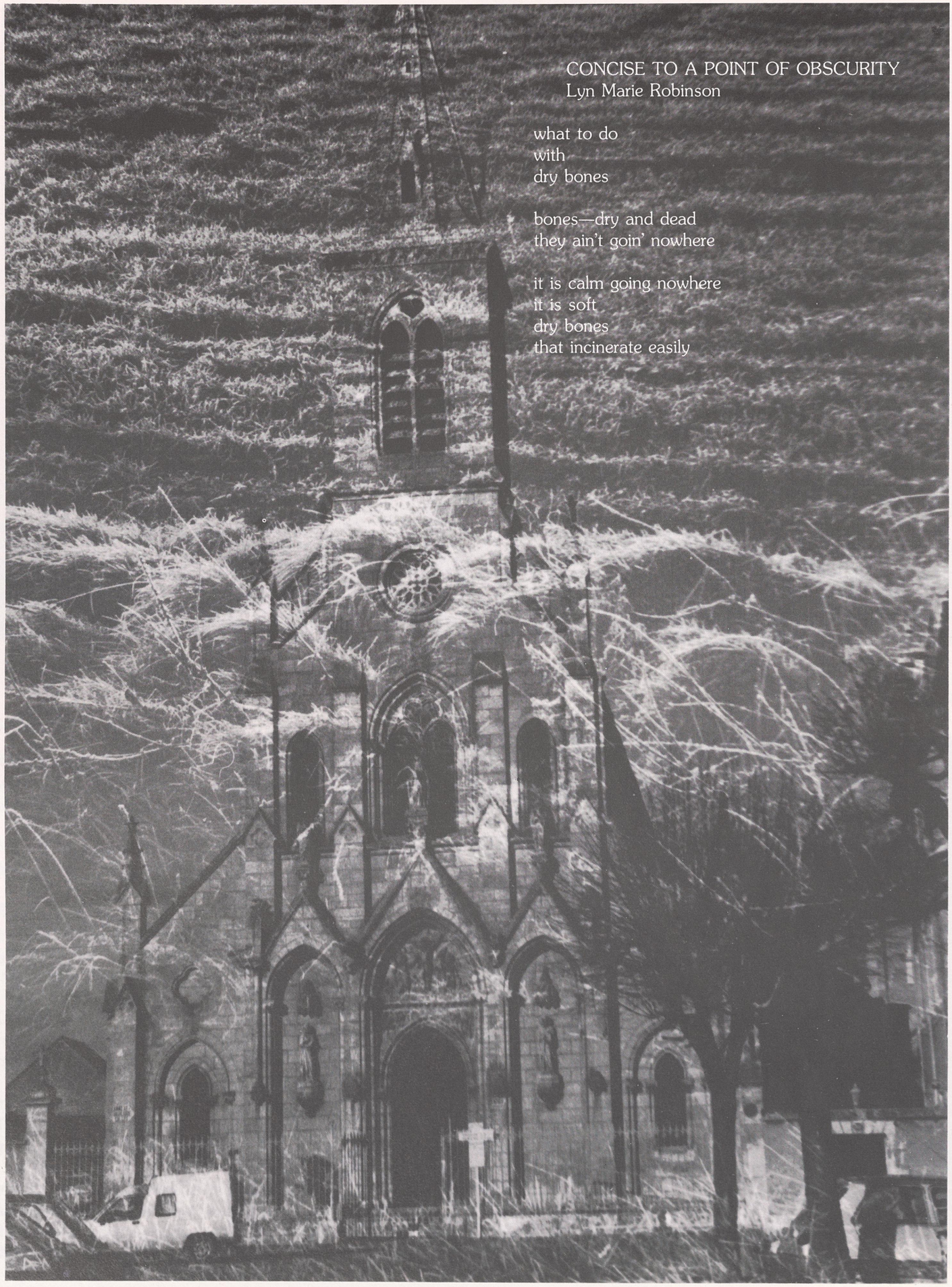
Rather tango, tutti frutti, nada! It's easier than what I'd
Rather do.



Lyn Marie Robinson



Anna Caudon



CONCISE TO A POINT OF OBSCURITY

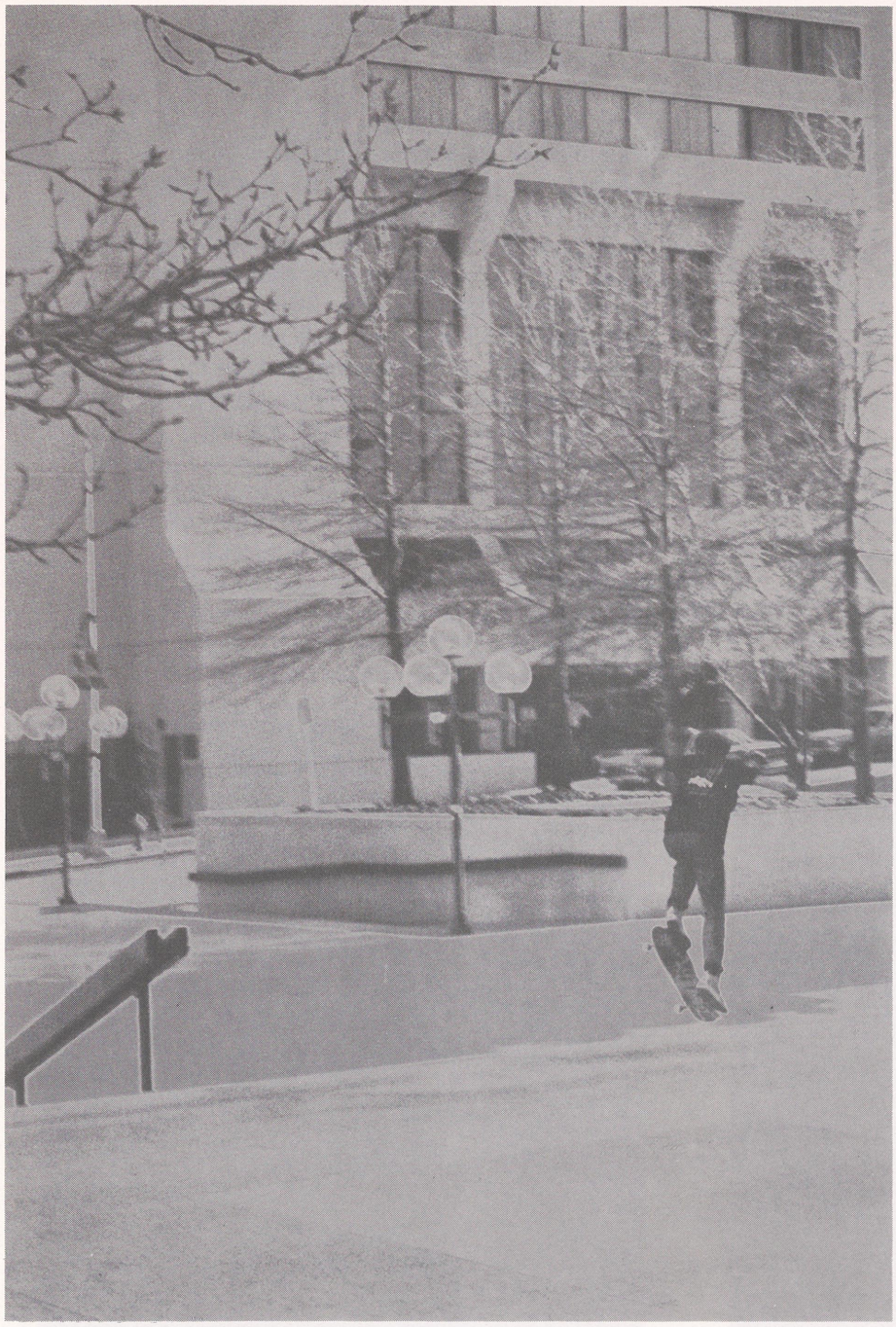
Lyn Marie Robinson

what to do
with
dry bones

bones—dry and dead
they ain't goin' nowhere

it is calm going nowhere
it is soft
dry bones
that incinerate easily

Ellen Maguire



Ann-Kristin Sundell

Sarah Diehl

A harbor seal lay dying
in a pool of its own blood.
Its eyes were glazed over,
its features lined in mud.

As, slowly, I approached it,
the wild creature turned
toward me,
the torture of its body
giving eager testimony

To the senselessness of killing,
the uselessness of hate,
the worthlessness of sentiment
arriving just too late.

A hand outstretched I
held it,
pleading for its life.
Then cut its throat to
ease the pain
and pocketed my knife.

Ginger Pickard

A girl told me yesterday that she was going to pray for me. Pray for my soul, she said. I thought it strange that a girl that I did not know would pray to a God in which I do not believe, for a soul which I don't think I have. She asked my beliefs, I told her. She cried, called out to her God and she said she would pray for my misguided soul. Strange, I thought and strange I think. I walked away and enjoyed the afternoon. In my misguided mind, it was beautiful.

RESTROOM
Olivia Q. Daane

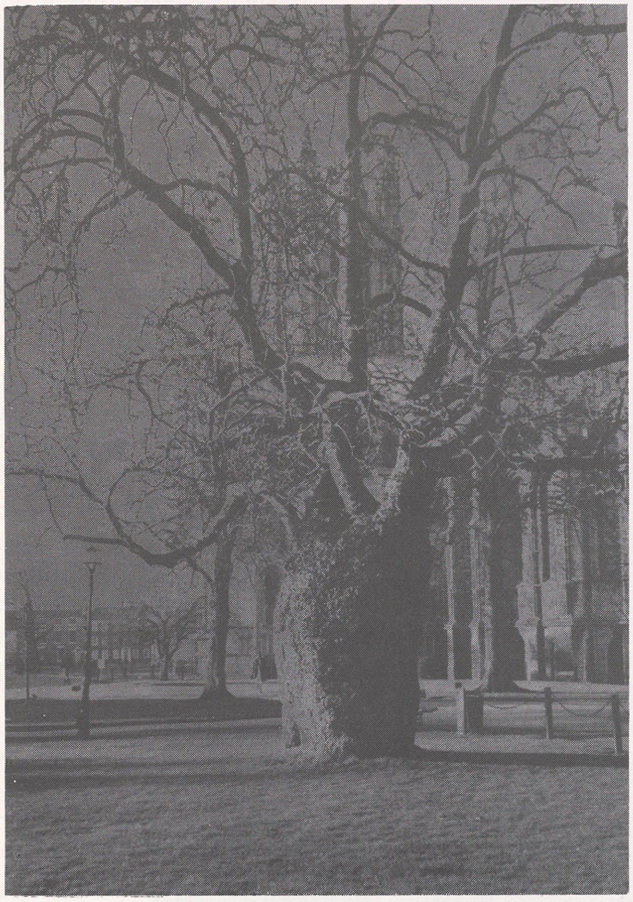
Nose hairs tingle with the painfully
artificially clean antiseptic scent.
Disorienting flashes of light are
reflected from the mirror to the
paper towel holder back to the
faulty neon light bulbs. Voices sound
off the tiled walls and water faucets
squeak as some wash hands while
others concentrate on quiet urination.
The squinting whites and yellows
of the stalls cannot ease the pervading
claustrophobic air. The colors smother
as they contract and expand.
Rejected, perhaps contaminated, toilet paper
squares are scattered on the floor.
Mouths are tight as they hold in their breath.
A demonic, gurgling, rumbling, gushing noise
begins, as if one toilet
holds all the ocean waters.
Grabbing the doorknob, careful, of course, not
to touch it, I escape
with a flush echoing in my ears
and the painfully artificially clean
antiseptic smell
wafts with me
into the hall.

PASSIONATE FEELINGS
Libby Benning

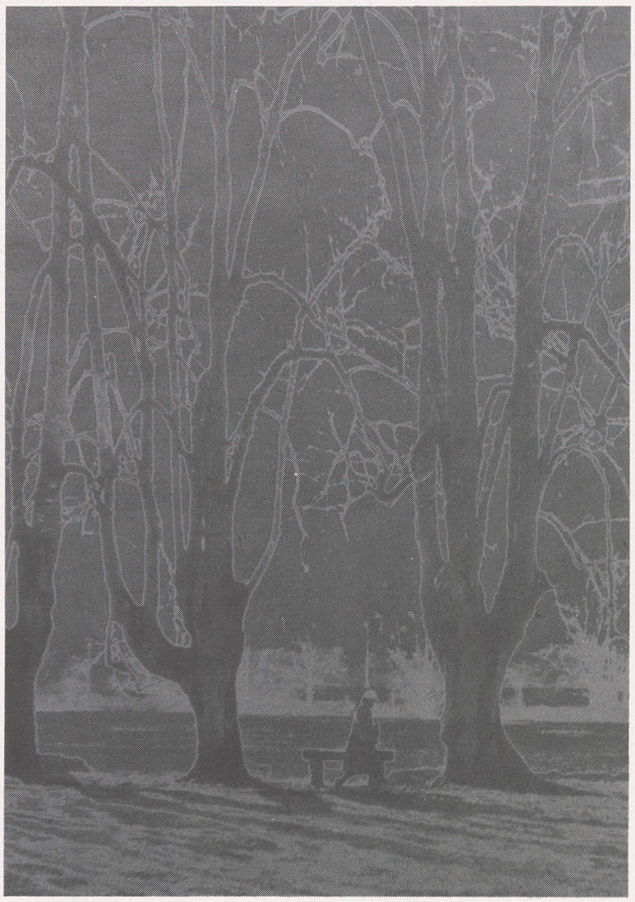
As the waves of heat cross the page
My mind wanders to another age.
One of beautiful love, yet of pain
Will we never have what we had again?
My love for you is so great,
It can never change to hate.
My body says I need you,
Yet my mind says I'm a fool.
Can not one be both free and held?
Yet must I forever wonder
If our love never be held asunder.
My body dances to the rhythm of yours
My heart and soul an open door
Come in and dance with me forever.

ATHLETIC BANQUET '88
Sarah Morris

Many an hour and many a day
We are all working while some get to play
Building and growing and dreaming some too
Hoping and loving to just make it through.
We've shared some good times and some real heartaches
It's all in the process of finding what it takes!
Teams weren't built out of fig leaves and stalks
But rather from hard work, dedication and talks.
Road trips and competition put each to the test
In sportsmanship and fair play we always were best!
Honor and values we put before winning
And after each challenge, we all came out grinning.
Sometimes it's hard when you fall to defeat
But working together makes a true team complete.
Thinking it's too hard to make it through
Looking back now, what else would we do?
We worked long hours at the end of each day
And even after all that, we are all still okay.
Four years have gone by faster than light
Working and striving with all of our might.
Supporting and cheering—that's what helped us through it
Without all our fans, we never could do it.
We've all worked hard at our various sports
And shared victories of all sorts!
We sure didn't get here in just one short day
But now we pick up to move on our way.
Days spent playing are now in the past
But memories of Harpeth Hall are ones which will last.
Giving and loving are things that we've learned
For old friends and old faces, next year we will yearn.
Thanks for the good times and friendships we've shared
Your hard work and effort let me know you all cared.



Karen Dismukes



Ellen Maguire

LISTENING TO BOB DYLAN WHILE AVOIDING STUDYING FOR MY HISTORY TEST

Lyn Marie Robinson

"My life is lived with the kettle drum
in mind
a touch of any anxious color*"
unwanted, obvious

They asked me if everything
was alright and I said
"It's alright, I'm only
bleeding"
so I left that town
on the 5 o'clock train
going somewhere I
couldn't pronounce
I thought I heard the record skip
but it was only in my mind
pushing out some design on my face
like some day we'll all be
pushing up the daisies
for the kids to pick

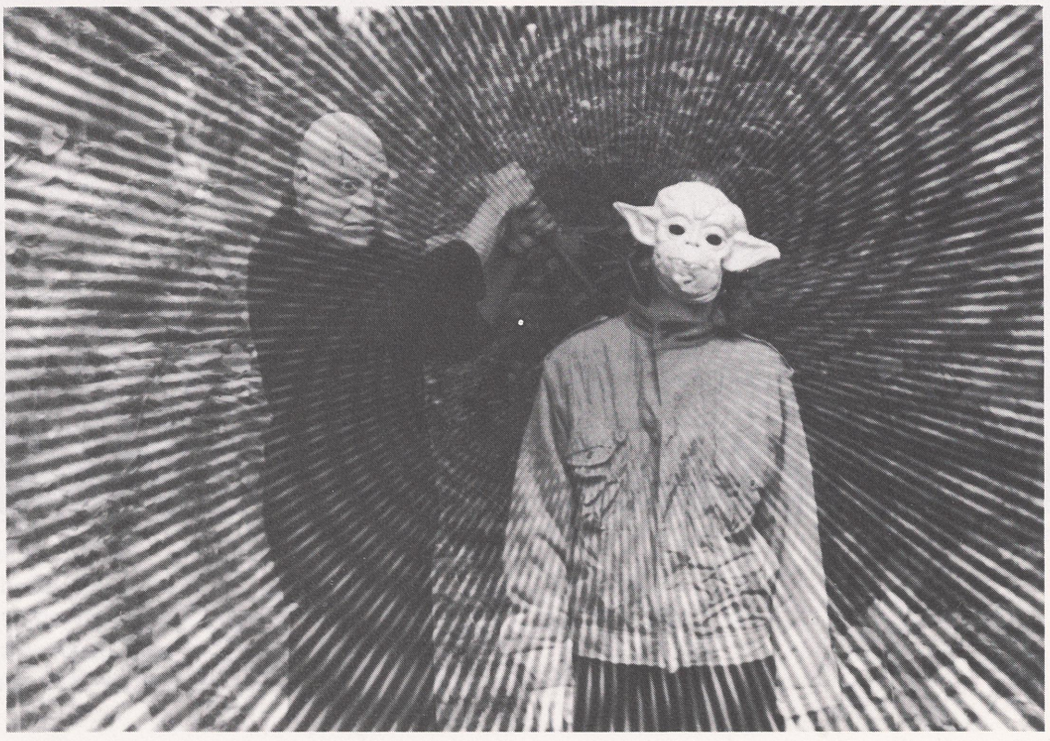
A whale evolves
looming massive on my
mindscape
one slick fin clutching
a model past
and I walking with ghosts
in another town also
dying

Bob Dylan, *Bringing It All Back Home*

CELLOPHANE STALKS

Lihbin Shiao

The first snow of spring blows
across the fast moving street, softly, quickly,
carried in gales.
Each flake's a dandelion cloud,
the head filled with glistening seeds
dashed against some cars, pavement,
few survive in cracks of the road
to be run over every quarter day
until death or learning to grow tiny.
Others wither in the hot shriveling sun
atop the heated tar of pavement blocks,
cooking like pumpkin seeds
after the pumpkin's been gutted out.
The dandelion puffs distract the hot tired
in their little sporty ovens,
having come out of the air conditioned
perimeters they occupy ⅔ of their lives.
The hot sullenness of this swollen real land
prevents the boredom of a single cycle day
with dandelion show. They, those in their cars,
we, us, them get amusement from the death
of another species, one that lives in a cycle too.



Karen Dismukes

Olivia Q. Daane

Sharp as a diamond
But cold like 4 walls
The needle waits patiently
For the sky's fall

1st clouds of grey
Then full curtains of blue
The eye opened slowly
And let the storm through

There were stories forgotten
Familiar faces unknown
Two young boys sit crying
Together.
Alone.

Trying to win
And yet destined to lose
The old man buys his bottle
With his last pair of shoes

This is the American Dream

Boxes are houses
And homes are like hell
Someone's making profit
From the coffins to sell

We can't see past our buildings
To the patches of sky
Some choose to jump
Others just waiting to die

She sits there silently
Others wonder what she thinks
She wonders why.
Her thinking becomes a forced mood
to keep the attention of the
lookers-on.
She feels special, in control and
smarter than those who
know themselves too little to
spend time alone.

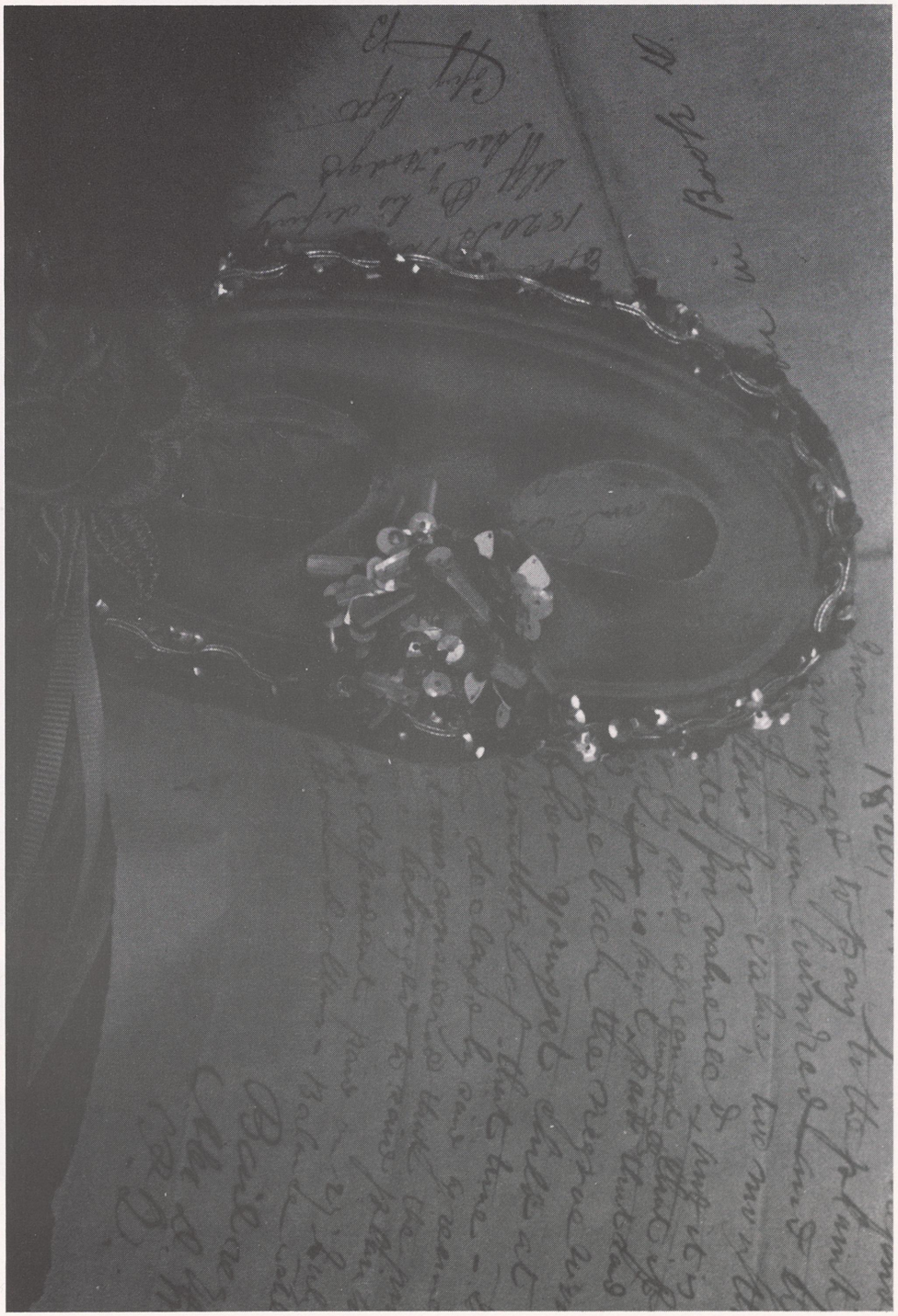
A voice breaks her silence
Her blink breaks
her fascination
The others walk away
disappointed by her
predictability. Her normality.

Now she sits isolated
within and without.
Only a child who is
clean of the world
can have a genuine concentration
on self. A child is in peace, thoughts
pure in an unretrievable innocence
and ignorance.

White walls and white wash
cast shadows of brown
We're all groping in the darkness
For an answer unfound

Nowhere to go
And no place to hide
Trap of rules some break that
others fight to abide

This is an American Dream
American Dream lost



Anna Candon

Sarah E. Ruccio

When the day is new—
Young—
The light shines
Perhaps only too brightly.
It is black.
I know not where I stand
Or what I am;
Gravity is as intangible
As love.
My mind reaches
To every material—
Money is only dirty paper.
My clothes a spun corpse
Of life from a field.
I wrap myself in shadows
To hide
Behind my eyes
And dream of what's real.

Susan Stanford

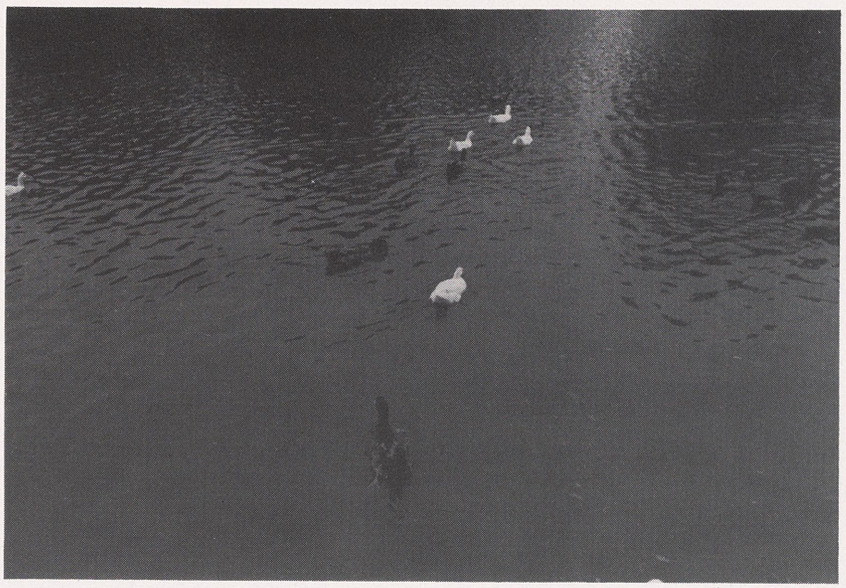
I
think of the lovely pain
the razor will evoke
As
it slices into my wrist,
neatly parting the flesh—
Spurting
bright, red raindrops onto
yellow, patterned wallpaper—
Pooling
on the cool, white tile
of the bathroom floor.



Ellen Ozier

THE ENLIGHTENMENT
Meghana Frenchman

—The room is dark,
For the curtains are drawn,
No movement is discerned but for the
Rise and fall of a yellowed handkerchief
Covering a face in the corner.
Bold spiders weave webs in every nook
and cranny,
Dust envelops the room from wall to wall,
And the silver tray on the rotted lectern
is unstable.
The musty odor is suffocating and
overpowering;
The sole human in the study cannot resist,
And resignedly allows time to consume all.
—A gust of wind
Forces the shutter open, and sunshine
bursts into the still room.
One eager ray of sunlight discovers the
wheelchair in the corner,
And bathes the occupant with its glow.
The startled figure slowly wheels toward
the window,
Pulled by the intensity of the spring day.
The sky is a brilliant blue, with white,
Billowy clouds scattered across it.
The bird warbles in a nearby tree,
And the smell of fresh, moist earth
After an April shower enlivens the spirit.
The face comes to life, a smile crosses
the twisted lips,
And the soul sings with the hope that only
Nature can bring.
—Soon, too soon,
A maid enters the room,
Gasps at the flushed invalid near the
casement,
And quickly closes the shutters,
The maid leaves, and the figure,
Alone again, sighs and reflects upon the
treasurable recollection.



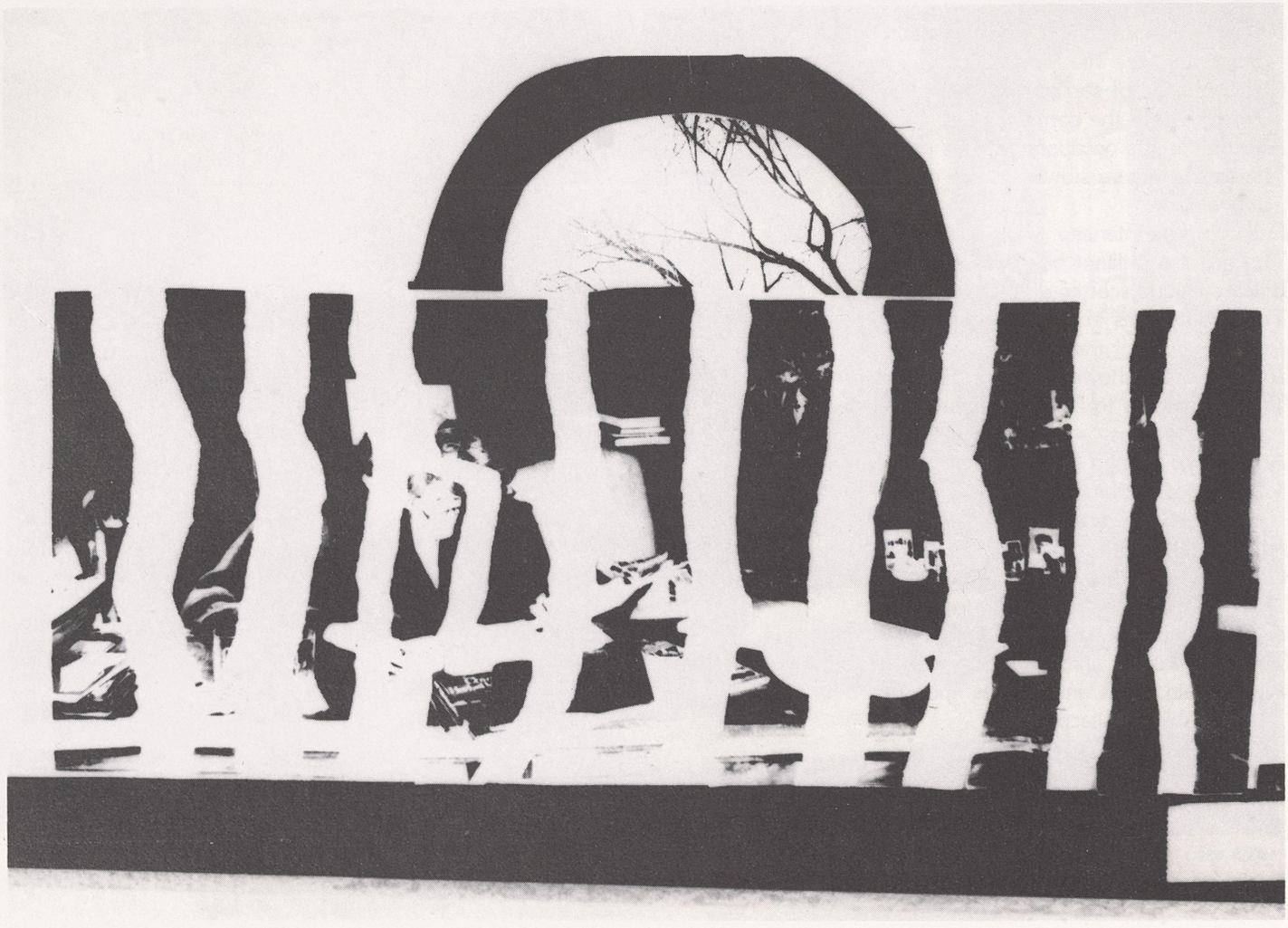
Anna Caudon



Mary Lauren Barfield

INSANITY PORTRAITS
Lihbin Shiao

It is late-10-9-6-3-7-8-2-0-1-0.
The tide rises like the lady of the lake in King Arthur's
tales, then flops down like an old worn sneaker. Nail polish—
hot magenta red wavers like fabric waves, flower petal waves.
Dark sleepless nights I see myself in mind images;
I see a skeleton and death, nothing alive remains—
the tide has fallen. There are two pictures on the
white wash foamy wall, foamy as sea bubbles. One is
of the reaper coming through a natural bubble,
rising from the waves. The other is of a bunch of
corresponding stalagtites hanging in the air,
and on the suspended earth deliniating a pathway
in between—it swirls. Please follow it to the wall,
into the pictures. There I am traveling a cavern joining
the two behind the wall between the two paintings.
I'm in a mirroring set, in paintings looking out
to people passing. Groups stare—the devil worshippers
worship me, my place. They know not me, so come, come
in and join me. Please. There's no one to cut in
this cold cavern but myself.



Karen Dismukes



Claire Vaughn

Sarah E. Ruccio

Icicles
Dancing through blurry steams,
Dripping with the romanticism—
Water giving
 Life giving
 Dreams.
Sparkling through hopeful rays,
Dripping with the existence—
A snow covered existence.
Insulated with cotton candy;
A child will believe.
Melted with the touch
Of reality's tongue,
Or stung by the rain
Dripping from the icicles.

Ginger Pickard

Stages through does friendship pass
 from distance in
 toward distance.
Time and choice move friends
 from friends
 to new and different worlds.
Lives change with time
 Love recedes as memory
 Friends forever.
 (Forgotten in weeks)

Lihbin Shiao

Looking through a window
Really staring through, into space
Eyes become focused
on something strange
A piece of glass
like the round kind
used for peepholes
but larger to the point
of obnoxious distortion.
Through it I see marbles
and a little boy
bouncing a yellow ball upwards
the shadows of the tree
swallowing him
it reminds me of a painting
a perfect incongruent picture
of strips cut by shadows
and rearranged.
I can see your parts,
confusing and dizzy,
they don't seem to fit
as one item or thing;
The sun dips below the horizon
And you are whole again.

Lyn Marie Robinson

I keep rearranging my furniture
and cleaning things out
thinking I've got to get away

This house built in 1942
is my sanctuary of stagnation
so I look to my father
he is wearing the shirt he wore
the day I was born
and cussing up a storm
while eating popcorn
and watching the ballgame

and I think that this
this is it
but if it is this
then this is madness
and insanity seems a blessing
or at least something new

but I continue to move the bed
and hope for the newness of
some old to stir up the
dust collecting on my shoes



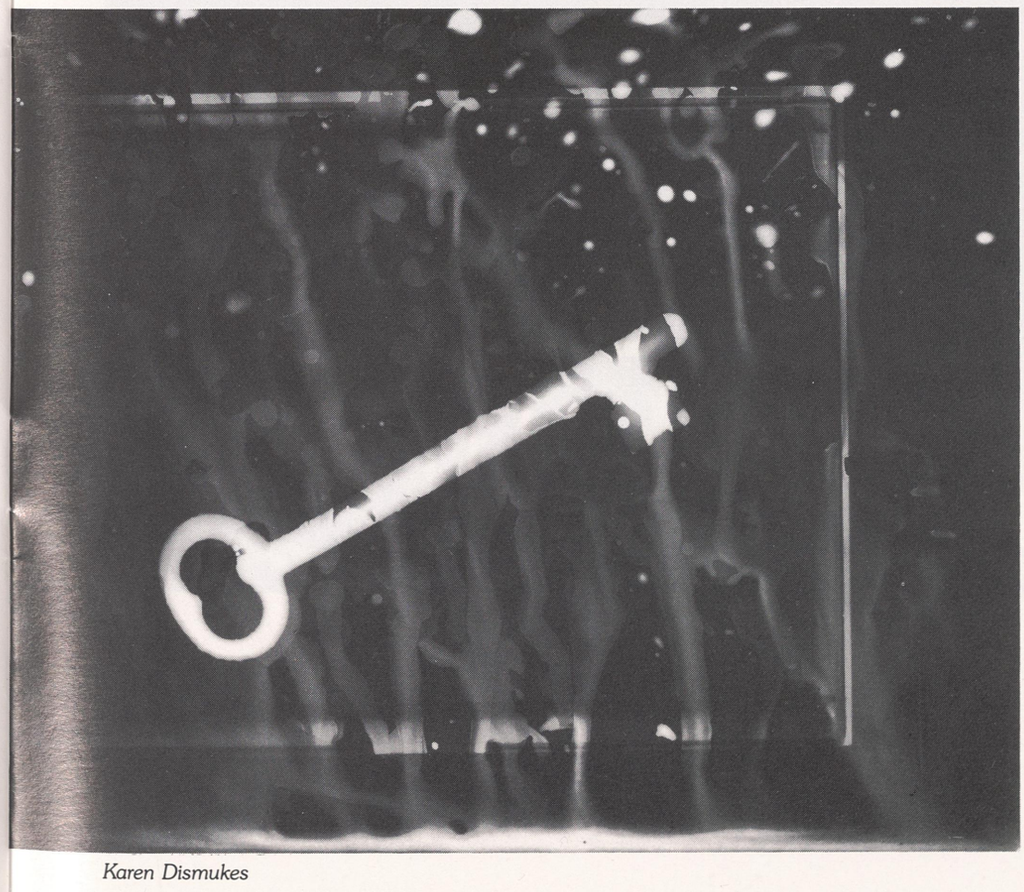
Ann-Kristin Sundell

LENNON SIX YEARS DEAD
Christi Jane Dickson

Show me you
can't see
me can you
Don't you care
do you want to know me??
Don't know...
I want out
Sanity in
Kooky let me
out, let me
in I'm hungry
Can't see
anything
Good Morning,
Darling



Claire Vaughn



Karen Dismukes

THERE IS A MONSTER (In My Bed)
Lyn Marie Robinson

Actually
I dream
of monsters
hybrid of my life
hybernating no longer

They kill—I kill
blood is only implied
I am squeamish

We are enclosed in space
maybe Gothic—maybe Wright
on a flat picture plane
small
only as deep as my skull

only as deep as my skull is wide

no impression
of any one object
surfaces—it is
after all
a flat picture plane
cluttered
people, objects, monster
me

new day—new monster
I itch—I scratch



Valeria Armistead

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